Hum. At Barwicke, and come thus farre for helpe.
Poore man. I ſir, it was told me in my ſleepe,
That ſweete Saint Albones ſhould giue me my ſight againe.
Hum. What are lame too?
P.man. I indeede ſir, God helpe me.
Hum. How camſt thou lame?
P. man. With falling off a plum tree.
Hum. Wert thou blind & would climb plumtrees?
P. man. Neuer but once ſir in all my life,
My wife did long for plummes.
Hum. But tell me, wert thou borne blinde?
P.man. I truly ſir.
Woman. I indeed ſir, he was borne blinde.
Hum. What art thou his mother?
Woman. His wife ſir.
Hum. Hadſt thou beene his mother,
Thou couldſt haue better tolde.
Why let me ſee, I thinke thou canſt not ſee yet.
P.man. Yes truly maſter, as cleare as day.
Hum. Sayſt thou ſo: what colour's his cloake?
P. man, Red maſter, as red as blood.
Hum. And his cloake?
P.man. Why that's greene.
Hum. And what colour's his hoſe?
P. man. Yellow maſter, yellow as gold.
Hum. And what colour's my Gowne?
P.man. Blacke ſir, as blacke as Iet.
King. Then belike he knowes what colour iet is on.
Suf. And yet I thinke Iet did he neuer ſee.
Hum. But clokes & gownsere this day many a one.
But tell me ſirra, what's my name?
P.man. Alas maſter I know not.
Hum. What's his name?
P.man. I know not.
Hum. Nor his?
P.man. No truly ſir.
Hum. Nor his name?

P. man. No indeede maſter.
Hum. Whats thine owne name?
P. man. Sander, and it pleaſe you maiſter.
Hum. Then Sander ſit there, the lyingeſt knaue in Chriſtendom. If thou hadſt bene borne blinde, thou mightſt aſwel haue knowne all our names, as thus to name the ſeuerall colours wee do weare. Sight may diſtinguiſh of colours, but ſodainly to nominate them all, it is impoſſible. My Lords, S. Albones heere hath done a miracle, & would you not think his cunning to bee great, that could reſtore this Cripple to his legs againe.
P. man. Oh maſter I would you could.
Hum. My Maſters of S. Albones,
Haue you not Beadles in your Towne,
And things call'd whippes?
Mayor. Yes my Lord, if it pleaſe your Grace.
Hum. Then ſend for one preſently.
Maior. Sirra, go fetch the Beadle hither ſtraight. *Exit one.*
Hum. Now ſetch me a ſtoole hither by and by.
Now ſirra, if you meane to ſaue your ſelfe from whipping,
Leape me ouer this ſtoole, and runne away.

Enter a Beadle.

P. man. Alas maſter I am not able to ſtand alone,
You go about to torture me in vaine.
Hum. VVell ſir, we muſt haue you finde your legges.
Sirra Beadle, whip him till he leape ouer that ſame ſtoole.
Beadle. I will my Lord, come on ſirra, off with your Doublet quickly.
Poore man. Alas maſter what ſhall I do, I am not able to ſtand.

After the Beadle hath hit him one ierke, he leapes ouer the ſtoole, and runnes away, and they run after him, crying a Myracle, a Myracle.

Hum. A miracle, a miracle, let him be taken againe, and whipte through euery Market Towne till he comes at Barwicke where he was borne.
Maior. It ſhall be done my Lord. *Exit Mayor.*
Suf. My Lord Protector hath done wonders to day.

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